

and i'll love you still in hell

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34585891) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34585891>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Pirates of the Caribbean (Movies)
Relationship:	Hector Barbossa/Jack Sparrow
Character:	Jack Sparrow , Hector Barbossa
Additional Tags:	Trans Character , Nonbinary Character , Trans Jack Sparrow , Violence , Consensual Non-Consent
Series:	Part 3 of You're My Land Ahoy
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-18 Words: 1700

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by [evelynegrey](#)

Summary

"Sometimes things come back, mate. We're living proof, you and me."

Stand alone prequel to [we deserve much better than we've had](#)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

*And I hope when you think of me years down the line
You can't find one good thing to say
And I'd hope that if I found the strength to walk out
You'd stay the hell out of my way*

The sea remains eerily calm as Jack slips away from the commotion on deck to seek refuge in his cabin. He lets the door close softly behind him, unwilling to draw any unnecessary attention to his absence, and breathes a sigh of relief as the noise outside dies down to a quiet murmur. The room is dimly lit, a few hanging lanterns giving chase to pale moonlight spilling through gaping holes in the windows at the far wall, and through them, he's able to make out the little boats gliding past with their ghostly occupants, oblivious to their presence here in the realm between worlds.

Jack takes off his coat and hangs it by the door. He looks around, wondering whether there might be a bottle hidden away at the bottom of some drawer somewhere, effectively saving him from having to head below and leave the relative peace of his quarters; craving, inexplicably, to remain undisturbed even now, after so long with only himself for company in a place much worse than any

of them could ever imagine. A place of punishment—worse than death, he thinks, as he drops his hat in its usual place on top of the globe and crouches next to the closest set of drawers—and infinitely worse than simply being alone.

Behind him, the door creaks open softly, followed by heavy footfalls, and the snick of the key inside the lock.

“Great,” Jack mutters, wondering why on earth he hadn't seen this coming and locked the door himself when he had the chance. “What do *you* want?” The footsteps continue some way into the room before coming to a halt. Jack opens the second drawer and peers inside.

“Merely to enjoy the comforts befitting of me station. Not unlike yourself, I imagine.”

“So that's what it's come to?” Jack grumbles with his head halfway inside the cabinet. “Squabbling over furniture and who gets to be 'captain of the starboard side'?”

There is a chuckle, and then: “We could do that. Or we could go about findin' a more agreeable way of relievin' this tension—“

Jack straightens his back slowly and turns to squint over the top of the table, catching the smug expression that sits so comfortably on the old man's features; the wide, confident stance of his legs where he stands resting his hand on top of his flintlock; the dark glint in his eye. For a long moment, they stare at each other, and then Jack gives a quiet snort and pulls open another cupboard. “Your sense of timing leaves much to be desired, mate.”

“Oh, come now, Jack,” says Hector Barbossa impatiently as Jack begins to empty out the contents of a small chest he doesn't remember owning. “It's not like ye have something better to do with your time.”

“There are dead people,” Jack points out sensibly, waving his hand above his head to indicate that they are, in fact, surrounded by ghosts. “There's a girl just lost her father.”

“The girl?” Hector repeats, and Jack can hear his footsteps come slowly round the table, like a predator stalking its prey, he thinks; like a shark scenting blood. “So that's it,” he continues. “Ye think ye stand a chance with someone like her, do ye? Ye think she'd even look at ye if she knew the truth of what ye are, Jack?”

His voice is soft—like a self-satisfied purr, a hint of pride at his own cleverness—and though Jack knows he is only looking to get a rise out of him and would have said most anything to achieve it, the fact remains that he is not wrong in his assumptions, and though it stings (it always does), Jack sees little value in trying to deny it. “A man can dream, eh?” he says tightly, refusing, at least, to rise to the bait.

“Or a man can take what he wants and be done with it.”

Jack shuts the drawer with a thump and climbs to his feet, noticing belatedly how close he is to Hector's chest—to his hungry eyes, to the dangerous quirk of his mouth—and as he tilts his chin up to meet that well-worn gaze, he is forced to recognise the gratified stir in his loins to be looked at this way: like a prize to be won, a treasure worthy of covetous desire, even after all this time. “Men like you, you mean,” he says sardonically, as his pulse begins to quicken. “And why should I let you? Last time I did, you left me for dead.”

Hector's smirk widens. “If I'm not mistaken,” he murmurs, lifting a hand to curl his fingers around Jack's jaw, “so did she.”

Jack slaps his hand away, fully prepared for the tug on his hair as Hector grabs him with the other hand and crushes their mouths together, shoving his tongue down Jack's throat. For a moment, he can only kiss back, held in place by Hector's fingers around his neck and overwhelmed by the familiar smell of his breath—the sudden urge to *yield*. There's a growling sound, but Jack isn't certain who made it, and then he bites down, hard, feeling blood coat his teeth as Hector finally tears his mouth away with a snarl.

The grip around his neck tightens, and he doesn't have time to braze himself before he is shoved forwards onto the table, knocking books and instruments to the floor with a clatter that barely registers over the rushing in his ears. A second later, there is the heavy press of a palm between his shoulder blades, pinning him down, and a familiar hardness that rubs up against his backside, sparking heat that runs in rivulets down his thighs, twisting in his groin.

“Go on then, you filthy bastard,” he growls, as Hector tugs roughly on his breeches, nearly splitting the seams as they strain past his hipbones. “Show me what a big, strong *man* you are—“

Cold air hits him first, and then a searing flash of pain as Hector's palm collides with his right arse cheek. Jack gasps, stunned by the flare of sensation—the stinging heat, the sudden surge of arousal as the pain quickly fades into prickling warmth. “Again,” he demands, and doesn't have time to prepare himself before the next blow lands. “Fuck—“ Hector smooths a warm hand over his throbbing skin, and Jack feels a shudder run through him of pleasure and disgust, his insides clenching in anticipation of that heady drag of wet heat, the shameful wish to be filled up and fucked into a senseless stupor.

“Hush now,” Hector mutters to him, strangely intimate, and Jack arches his back when he feels the nudge between his legs, letting his head fall forward between his elbows as Hector grabs him by the hips and thrusts.

“*Fucking hell*—“ he moans breathlessly, earning him another tooth-rattling blow that sends him reeling and clawing compulsively at the rough wood beneath his fingers, his cramping wrenching a groan from his old lover's bleeding lips. Jack spits onto his fingers and manages to get a hand on himself, uttering something close to a sob as the stark contrast of sensations coalesce into a pleasure quite unlike anything he's experienced in the decade since Hector last wrecked havoc with his life, or before, when he'd not yet allowed another man to defile him. “Faster,” he mumbles, not really knowing what he's saying any more. “*Harder*. Please, Hector, I—I need—“

And when he looks up, imagining that he can hear footsteps outside the door, someone coming to a halt just feet from where he is choking on his own breath, the mere thought of being caught like a whore with her skirts flung over her back is enough to bring him right up to the edge of that perfect precipice, taller than he remembers, and more beautiful still. “Again,” he croaks, head bent, eyes squeezed shut, and comes with a flash of pain so intense he forgets for a moment how to breathe, or think, or stand on his own two legs as Hector digs his sharp nails into the flesh of Jack's hips and spends himself inside the clutch of his aching body.

For a while, there is only silence, and a sudden, startling awareness of his own heart-beat, of being *alive* for the first time since the Kraken pulled him under and all sense of self was lost to him amongst endless, white plains. “*Christ*,” he mutters, flooded by tingling warmth, and opens his eyes to the comforting glow of swinging lanterns, the gentle sway of the sea beneath his feet. With effort, he manages to push himself up and reach for his bunched up breeches, feeling Hector's hands slip from his back as they separate to put their clothes back on in comfortable silence.

“For the record,” Hector says behind him once Jack has managed to unbutton and rebutton his trousers around his waist. “I didn't leave ye on that island to die.” Jack turns, frowning, and feels

the perfect simplicity of the moment slip away from him like the wistful remnants of a dream. “I’d heard mention of the cache.”

Jack stares at him, at his grim expression, and realises that he’s telling the truth. “But you still left me,” he says, caught off guard by the sudden ache of a wound long healed—by the bitter reminder that he had been right to find something there to be mourned at all. “By rights, you should have stayed dead.”

“Perhaps,” the old man admits, “but then,” he adds, with a plaintive slant to his mouth, “so should you.” And this time, when he raises a hand to wipe the blood from the corner of Jack’s mouth—with fingers that have slapped and caressed him, and a decade’s worth of guilt festering behind yellowing, azure eyes—Jack doesn’t stop him. “And yet—here we are.”

End Notes

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